

1st
THE
T W I N S.

A
Tragi-Comedy.

*Acted at the Private House at Salisbury-
Court, with general Applause.*

WRITTEN BY

W. R I D E R, Master of Arts.



L O N D O N,

Printed for Robert Pollard at the Ben Johnson's Head behind
the Exchange, and John Sweeting at the Angel in
Popes-head Alley. 1655.

The Persons of the Play.

Charmia, *a Lady, in love with Fulvio her husbands brother.*
 Jovio, *the Clown, servant to Charmia and Gratiano.*
 Fulvio, *a Lord, brother to Gratiano. The Twins.*
 Gratiano, *a Lord, brother to Fulvio. The Twins. Husband to Charmia.*
 Carolo, *Lover of Julietta, flies to the wood, receiv'd by Julio under the name of Laberio.*
 Alphonso, *Lover of Clarinda, son to Julio. Banished.*
 Julietta, *Daughter to Charmia and Gratiano.*
 Clarinda, *Daughter to Fulvio.*
 Lurco, *a Polititian, servant to Gratiano. Frederigo.*
 Corbo, *the Fool, servant to Julio, Lord Celio, lover of Douze.*
 Silvio, }
 Philagrio, } *Shepherds.*
 Lord Julio, *in Woodmans habit banished, Sforza, Father to Alphonso.*
 Douze, *Daughter to Silvio.*
 A Country man.

The Scene ITALY.

*Scene partly in Milan &
 partly in a Wood.*

THE TWINS.

A&I. Scen. I.

Enter Charmia alone.



E's gone this way : why do I follow him,
In whose pursuit (alais !) I lose my self ?
He is my husbands brother, and so like him
That none could ere distinguish one from tother,
But by their clothes : And is it possible
That I should ever draw him to my bed ?

Or is it fit ? I will suppress the flames

I cannot quench, untill unseen they'r grown

So hot, that in a moment they consume me _____ *Enter Jovio.*

Did you see my Brother ?

Jov. D'ye think I'm blind, Madam ?

Char. He make you so, if you don't answer me.

Jov. Then you must expect but blind obedience from me:

'Twere a great deal better if you made me dumb,

I should be then an excellent privado

To keep your Ladyships secrets, and deliver my message

By signs ; for I know there is not a Court Lady

But can construe this Lords beck, and that Lords nod,

A smile, a wink. *Char.* No more you saucy rascal.

Jov. A tread upon the foot ; you know what that is :

Or wringing the hand hard, or pulling by the sleeve

And going away ; you know what follows.

Char. What follows ? can you tell ?

Jov. The party so pull'd, an't please your Ladyship,
I would fain make your honour merry. *Char.* y'ar too saucie.

Jov. That's because you'r too melancholick , Madam.

Char. Where did you see my Brother ? *J. v.* I'th' Garden.

Char. Are you sure 'twas he ? or was it not my Lord ?

Go see and bring me word _____ 'Tis very true

Exit Jovio.

Whoere at first beats down a lawless thought

Is sure to be a conquerour : but who feeds

With flattering excuse his belov'd sin,

Too late shakes off a yolk sticks too fast on.

I will not stay this fellows coming back.

Exit. Char.

Enter Lord Fulvio and Jovio.

Ful. Where is she now? *Jov.* I left her here: these women
Are never well but when they are a changing;
They're like the shadow of a Looking-glass,
Here and there in an instant: they play bo-peep

Ful. Mock me no more my serious meditations
Must not be interrupted thus by fools.

Exit Fulvio.

Jov. My Lord calls my Lady fool as well as me:
I did not think there had been fools among the honourable:
I shall hereafter brook the term the better
For company sake; my Lady and I am fellows now;
We ha' both one livery — She's here agen
How shall I shift her now that she may'nt see me?

Enter Charm.

Char. I see what's good, and yeeld it so to be,
But follow still the worle, as my lust swayes me:
I shall hereafter pittie tender Ladies,
That yeeld being tempted, when I can't prevail
Against my own temptations. All the world
Laments a Fort surpriz'd by forraign foes,
But execrates a City where the enemies
Are those within it. Sirrah, where's my brother?

Jov. Forsooth I brought him hither, and you were gone:
You made him be angry with honest *Jovio*,
Poor honest *Jovio*, your honours servant:
I hope your Ladyship is sorry for't;
'Tis all I look for, an humble acknowledgement.

Char. Where is he now? *Jov.* Gone to the Garden agen.

Cha. Will he come this way? *Jov.* I did not ask him that;
But I know no other way that he can go.

Char. Sirrah go see, but speak not a word to him. *Exit Jovio.*
When I do see him I will speak my mind;
He shall determine or my life or death
By saying I, or no — Must he come this way?

Jov. Or none at all. *Char.* Will he not stay there still,
Rather than come, so long as I am here?

I warrant you can't tell; you did not ask him?

Jov. Yes, I did ask him, but I spoke not a word to him;

You

You charg'd me I should not. *Char.* Away you fool.

Exit Jov.

How boldly I shall speak to him :

I will put off the nearness of a Sister,

And set my self unto a Lovers distance :

Love like the Sun-beams casts the greater heat

When it is more remote, than when more near :

Brothers and Sisters loves freeze as they meet

The unlawfulness, like water deads the fire.

Enter Lord Fulvio.

Ful. Good morrow Sister ; would you speak with me ?

Char. Had not your presence struck me dumb, I should. *Ex. Char.*

Ful. Ile do my best to ease her.

He that unaskt helps not in time of need

Offends as much as he whose ayd is crav'd, and yet denies it.

Enter Lord Gratiano, Carolo, and Julietta, Alphonso,

Clarinda, and Jovio.

Grat. Good morrow brother. *Ful.* May the daies genius

Smile upon you — O my dear *Clarinda*

Rise with thy weight of blessings : What *Julietta*,

You do out-vie the morning with your blushes,

'Tis time to shake this Maiden modesty off,

And clasp a bedfellow : Is it not girl ?

Alph. My Lord you make her blush the more.

Ful. Clarinda

Looks as if she were weary of a Maydenhead.

Clar. The truth ne'r makes me blush.

Alph. But when you lye

With a man (I mean at first) I fear you'l blush.

Clar. It may be for a farewell ; or suppose

I blush i'th dark, if I but keep my own counsel —

I'de not care if this were my wedding day,

Protracted marriages make Hymen lean.

Ful. Well I am not of your mind.

Clar. But very near it :

You would be married to morrow : but don't mistake me,

Though I'm a wag, I'm none of those needy girls

That takes their pay before the pay-day comes.

Marry when the bond bears date, 'tis good to keep touch

For fear of forfeiture.

Car. Well little wild Oats.

Grat. Me-thinks, *Alphonso*, it is very strange

We ne'r can hear of our much injur'd Cousen,

Your noble Father.

Alph. In a whole ten years exile,

I ne'r could know where once he doth reside.

Ful. 'Tis very strange, but what got *Frederigo*?
 A rare reward of treachery and slander:
 For when his stratagems were all unmask'd,
 His rankling spleen, like a recoyling peece,
 Hurt him as much as him he aim'd to kill:
 And all the benefit he gain'd, was this,
 He was banisht last o'th two: Lord *Celio*
 Did only chalk the way out to his view,
 That he might learn to follow him.

Grat. Let's in; if you see *Lurco*, *Jovio*, send him to me.

Exeunt.

Jov. He go seek him out.

Exit.

Enter Lurco alone.

Lur. No; Politicians must walk in clouds,
 So that the Eagles eyes can't pry into them.
 The Fencer that hath once receiv'd a foyl
 Learns to play warily and close, so I
 Here for five yeares and upwards I have been
 Subject to scorns and taunts, nay blows and kicks,
 So that I am fill'd with malice, spleen, and gall,
 And now's the time to vent it; ne'r till now:
 Hence from my breast pale fear; thou sat'ring hate
 Ripen the plot of an Italian pate.

Enter Jovio.

Jov. *Lurco*, my Lord sends all about for you.

Lur. I'm going in.

Exit.

Jov. Would I had some of this fellows wit in me,
 And a great deal of his honesty. My Lady.
 He slip behind the hangings:

Enter Charm.

Sfoot she looks like a gamester that had lost all.

Char. Suppose he should consent, yet how can I
 Wrong my good Lord, or if I wrong him, think
 A husbands searching eye wo'nt find it out?
 Or say he don't, yet may a slander by
 See more then he that playes: some in the world
 May know of it, and tell him what foul play
 Was us'd, though they don't do't till the games done.

Jov. How shall I get away now, and she not see me?

Char. But say the world be blinded,
 Yet will not he be blind that shakes the world;
 Yet say he should, yet O! the present tortures of the soul,

The

The aspine trembling of the toyled heart,
The mind full fraught with sin, that ever fears
Its self, and its own shaddow: some gross crimes
From outward shame and sufferings free have been,
None ever scap'd the Hangman that's within.

Jov. Did your Ladyship call? *Char.* What? are you eeyes dropping?
Sirrah get you hence: can I be private no where?

Jov. Well, well, there have been Ladies in this world
That when they have been private, if a servant,
A man, a handlom man, as sure I'm one,
Had come to 'em, they would ha' bid him stay,
Not get him gone; but now the case is altered.

Exit.

Enter Lord Fulvio.

Ful. She's here, and like a marble *Niobe*
Distill'd to tears. *Char.* I am a heavy stone
Roll'd up a hill by a weak child: I move
A little up, and tumble back agen.

I fain would take good counsel, but I cannot:
Like as a Mariner that hoyfes sayles
Both against wind and stream, tugs at the oare
To drive him further from his journeys end,
I both encrease my journey and my labour.

Ful. He speak to her. *Cha.* I must not stay to hear him. Exit

Ful. How like a shadow she does fly my coming,
And follows my departure. She returns. Enter Charm.

Char. Now I'm resolv'd; take courage now my heart,
And do what I command: be my word fearless:
He that begs timerously begs a denial.
One step more do's it. I would speak with you:
But 'tis no matter now, let it alone.

Offers to be gone.

Ful. Good sister stay, she place is free from company.

Char. My lips deny a passage to my words:
There's a strong power that would release my tongue,
A stronger keep it in;
Witness ye Gods that what I would —

Ful. Would you speak any thing you cannot utter?

Cha. Small griefs have tongues, great ones are ever dumb.

Ful. Sister, make me the treasurer of your griefs.

Char. The name of Sister is too high a stile;

An

An humble epithite befits our suit ;
 Call me your friend or servant , servant rather ;
 For Ile do any thing you shall command me.

Ful. Dear Sister what's the matter ? *Char.* Call me not Sister.

The fire of love burns in my raging breast ,
 Runs through my veins like as the nimble flame
 Licks up the stubble on the parched plains.

Ful. I do beleeeve you love my brother dearly.

Cha. But dearlier you: start you from those that love you?

Ful. Your love is a far greater sin than hate.

Char. Perhaps you'll think I'm mad : Indeed I am so,
 Or I should ne'r be thus : and yet me-thinks
 I weep as if I had the use of reason.

I that with glowing ears and blushing cheeks,
 Have heard the vulgar say, that's Lady *Charmia*,
 The virtuous and chaste *Charmia*, that's she :

Proud to maintain what prodigally they speak,
 Have shone a bright star in the orb of honour,
 But now am fain thus low : this day must end
 My grief and life.

Ful. Oh I could hate all women,
 And I am sorry that I have a daughter
 I needs must love : what ? weepst thou crocodile ?

In these thy tears thou givest sufficient proof
 That one may weep for sin, yet not repent.

You either make her innocent like me

Or blast her e'r she prove superlative bad,

Or strike me least I be so bad so bad as she.

Do, weep in jest : yet tell me what false *Cupid*

Has wounded you. *Char.* Your Taylor, for I know not

Ought else beside the neatness of your habit

That makes me love you more then my own husband.

Two firm impressions made upon the wax

By the same seal, are not more like each other

Than you two are. *Ful.* I see a Sun of virtue

Break through a cloud of vice, which I adore,

And to my power will cherish : but can it be

That not some lovely-stranger, nor some Noble

Of our own ~~land~~, thats not ally'd in blood,

At least in further distance than my self,

Could

Could e'r affect you ? no man but a brother ?
 Tell me has not my brother *Gravins*
 A hand in this plot ? *Char.* Now by my hopes
 Of your assistance, all that I demand
 Is reality not fiction. You my husbands brother
 Must satisfy my will for one short moment
 Must stain your brothers nuptial bed for ever.

Ful. Let me instruct you : help your self a little,
 And stop this planet raging in your blood,
 Desire of health is one part of the cure,
 Doe you not think it will torment your conscience
 After 'tis done ? *Char.* I know it is too certain.

Ful. Suppose you had a mind to taste of poyson,
 For which there were no remedy, no cure,
 But that the bodies ruin must ensue,
 Would you not bridle your unruly appetite ?

Char. I would. *Ful.* And could you have so great a care
 Over your body, and will you take a poyson
 That will for evermore torment your soul ?
 Nay, as if you were too too mean a sacrifice
 For hell your self alone, you draw another,
 Another must fall with you, and he such an one
 Whose very person makes a great sin double.
 Go prostitute your self in midst of *Milain*,
 'Till Hecatombs of lustful Sarys fall
 Each day to hell, and I the ring-leader,
 Next to your self. *Pluto* will hug you for't.

Char. My noble mind has not yet lost all shame :
 I will desist : my love that will not serve me
 As a true subject, Ile conquer as an enemy.

Ful. Spoke nobly like your self. Now I shall love you.

Char. O fame, I will not adde another spot
 To thy pure robe, Ile keep my ermine honour
 Pure and alive in death, and with my end
 Ile end my sin and shame, like *Charicles*,
 Who living to a hundred years of age
 Free from the least disease, fearing a sickness,
 To kill it, kill'd himself, and made his death
 The period of his health, and so will I :

A virtuous death prevents a vitious life.

Ful. O stay, I hold thee now worthy of life,
In that thou think'st thy self worthy of death.

Look cheerly on me, Sister, I'de not lose

So many virtues in thee for one vice,

And that but once committed. Come, Ile kiss you,
Love, live, and lye with you : when next my brother

Goes out of town I will perform your will :

Better I do it then another man.

Come wipe your eyes ; conceive but how I love you,

When I will wrong so near and dear a friend

To pleasure you : Let not the time seem long,

My Brother staies for me in *Pales* wood

To chase a Deer this morn ; one kiss and part.

Exit Fulvio

Char. Farewel, next hour you see me, I shall look
Smooth as a Bride that marries where she loves.

Exit Charm.

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. Divine *Clarinda* ! for thou art no less :

Whose very name inspires my feeble tongue :

If there be any mortal deities,

Enter Julietta.

Thou canst not be the least.

Ful. What alone, *Alphonso* ?

Alph. He cannot be alone that has your company,

Nor needs he more or better that enjoys you.

Please you to walk with me, though I confess

My self unworthy of so sweet a mate.

Ful. You mean *Clarinda*, I'm *Julietta*, Sir,

Ne'r knew I pride, nor ne'r had cause to be so :

I ne'r disdain'd the meanest company.

Enter Lurco.

Lur. He's here, here's more work for me.

Alph. Y'ar melancholick, Madam. *Ful.* Blame my nature.

Alph. You want a little of *Clarinda's* mirth :

Come, shall I make you merry ?

Lur. Very good.

Alph. Mingle some smiles with *Juno's* Majesty.

Lur. I will fetch some body to mingle something :

Won't one content you ? now with a simple slyness

Which shall be construed for pure honesty,

Ile make a chaos of their truest order.

Exit Lurco.

Ful. Mirth is meer folly to my heart me-thinks,

Alph. O but a day is coming that will change you

This

This Virgin modesty will be out of date
When you are made a wife. *Car.* Whither dost draw
Us? canst thou not speak? *Enter Carolo, Lurco & Clarinda*
Lurco points.

Lur. I wish I had no tongue to speak,
Nor hand to make a sign with.

Car. Ha! so familiar. *Lur.* I, would you have thought it?
How we may be deceiv'd by men: Look there,
Laugh? I bar whispering. *Alph.* What not one smile yet?
Are you so pray, in *Carolo's* company?

Car. How like you this? could he find no man else
To wrong but me? perhaps he do't to try
How great an enemy a friend can be
Where love's abus'd: I fear me the experiment
Will prove most tragical. *Lur.* The poyson works,
And he begins to swel: I wonder he
Can have the heart to do't. *Clar.* Why, what hurt's in this?
Do you the like to me. Ile let 'em alone,
I know *Alphonso's* honest. *Alph.* You know I love you,

And will do ever. *Car.* When your heart bleeds for this
Ile tell you then you lye. *Lur.* That's the best time indeed,
Then show him all the horror of his fact:
Yet that's not the best way, now I do think on't:
'Tis barbarous to shed mans blood, but you see and hear
This is his baseness. *Car.* O thou art honest, *Lureo.*

Clar. I cannot hear a lawless syllable.

Alph. When hand in hand my love and I shall sit, *Embraces her.*
And feed upon each others looks. *Car.* O villain.

Alph. And you shall bind your dear love in these ivory chains.

Lur. Do you see that? *Car.* What? *Lur.* That you must gaze about:
You did not see him kiss her. *Car.* Did he kiss her?

Lur. I, and if she had not been honest then he,
He would-- *Car.* What? *Lur.* Nay pardon me,
I would he peaceable: I won't swear he did any thing,
Therefore I pray ground nothing upon my words;
But I must confess he kiss her: 'Twas more
Then he needed ha' done, or perhaps should ha' done.

Car. The next he kisses shall be his death. *Clar.* Come *Carolo* *Exc.*
Lets go in; I heard their talk, 'tis very honest. *Alph.* Juliet.

Jul. This walking in the cold has made me sick,
Shall we walk in *Alpho* so? *Alph.* O my wrongs! *(draws his sword.*
Come

Come back agen, or ——— *Jul.* What d'e mean *Alphanso*?

Alph. I thank you Madam that you wakned me.

Jul. Were you alleeeep? *Alph.* Yes, and I saw a vision,

A very strange one: me-thought a loving neighbour

As I esteem'd him, having stoln a Lamb of mine,

By the assistance of another knave,

Spying me in the field, fled back again,

And took my Lamb along with them; with that

Me-thought I drew my sword. *Jul.* Nay did you draw it?

Alph. Then my imagination wrought more strongly

Then at other times: pray leave me here a little,

I shall recover straight, then Ile attend you.

Jul. Heaven make your storm a calm. *Alph.* Heaven hear your prayer.

O heavens! I am abus'd, my cosen *Carols*,

Exit Jul.

And my *Clarinda* (if I may call her mine

Or him my cosen) walking towards us,

No sooner spy'd us but fled back again:

'Tis true *Julietta* saw 'em not, but I did:

Why did they fly from us, we did not fly

From them: O now I know the reason on't;

They had a guilty conscience, that was it:

For then they'l fear the shaking of a leaf,

The wagging of a straw, as much as if

They had unawares trod barefoot on a snake.

Why should my cosen *Carols* wrong me?

I nere wrong'd him; but why doe I ask why?

They do not deal with reason that do wrong:

He that intends to draw a crooked line

Needs not a straight rule. O but my *Clarinda*!

My, thats a sillable too much, dash't out,

It spoyles the sence, and makes her a peculiar

That is grown common: Let it be the *Clarinda*,

Or any ones *Clarinda*: had she been mine,

She would have come to me. I fear, I fear,

Cross dealing from my Cosen: Let it rest:

If he prove false, as now he did seem guilty,

I can but whistle for revenge, and have it.

Vengeance hath wings where baseness is swift footed!

Exit.

Act 2.

THE TWINS.

11

Act. 2. Seen. 1.

Enter Corbo with Bow and Arrows.

Cor. SO ho, ho, ho — (*within a far off*) So ho, ho, ho,
 That's my Father in Lawes yelp, up and down;
 I am glad of this yet, that we shall meet together
 Now shal I have my Douzes picture to be ena'moured on.
 O rare; I shall be i'th fashion as well as the best.
 For now your Court Madonae's paint their faces,
 And what have they that marry 'um, but pictures?
 And that's the cause that instead of a silk curtaine
 They keep their snowts from dust with a black Cipress;
 A Maskes too open, the dust would flye in at the eye-holes.
 Your pretty Gentleman that marries an ill favour'd rich wench
 Marries a picture, for he marries her gold not her.
 Your spark that's cought up by a coy close whore,
 Marries the picture of an honest woman.

I'de as live have a wooden one as any of these. (*within*) so ho, ho.

So ho, ho, ho, — *Enter Silvio and Philagris.*

Silv. Come neighbour tis' he: we did think 'twas you.
 What, nere come home; **Cor.** Ah, ah! if Douze were here
 I would shoot home, nay if I could not shoot home at pricks,
 Let her use me as other women use their husbands,
 Enjoyn mee to shoot at buts for ever after.

Philag. Ha witty Corbo: **Cor.** Nay let me alone for wit.
 But I ha been a most unfortunate Archer.

Syl. How Corbo how? **Cor.** O, I have had many misfortunes:
 Ple tell you all another time: but where is Douzes picture.

Syl. I had almost forgot it; O 'tis a sweet one!
 I could finde in my heart to love it my own selfe;
 Say do it not look like a Ladies face.

Philag. In troth me thinks it does now it is painted:

Corb. Dear, let me buffe this maple face of thine,
 Well farewell Father; ha, I think I'm in love,
 I know not what I do, Remember me
 to Douze. **Syl.** I, I, we will.

Cor. Tell her I'le wooe her picture, and get her good will,
 And then we will be married (*Phil. Syl.*) farewell Corbo. *Ex. manet Corb.*

Cor. Now must I goe kill a Deer: heaven blesse my eye-sight
 That I shoot not a well spread Citizen in stead of it: *Ent. Gra. & Ful.*
 How now, whose here? **Gra.** Doeit thou hear honest friend.

Cor. Yes I do hear, and honest I allow of;
But soft, no friends till we be better acquainted.

Ful. Then prithee honest fellow lets be acquainted.

Cor. Fellow? Why what are you? *Ful.* I am a Lord.

Corb. I am no Lords fellow; would you should well know it.

Grat. But wilt thou help us now to finde our game

Corb. I will instruct you both as well as I can;

Harken you silly Animals in filken outsidcs,

You were best go back to th' City, or to sent

About the suburbs, if you'll find your game:

We have no wagailes for your Lordships diet,

But what were very leane. *Ful.* Would have Venifom.

Grat. We have no barren Does, ours are all breeders,

They are not fat enough; not worth your shooting;

But you do but jest: me thinks you are too gallant

To be Deer stealers: I think you are rather Cony catchers.

Grat. Why dost thou think so? *Cor.* Why? i'll tell you why;

Because you are such buffie bodies and medlers:

I knew one that having got money in his purse like you,

And gay cloathes on his back, had a mind to be a gentleman

And he must have an oar in every mans boat.

This Miller could not grinde his grist himselfe,

But he would be doing as much or more then he.

If his maids had been groping poultry, he would grope too.

But I say, let every tub stand on his own bottom,

And so farewell. *Ful.* What a mad fellow's this.

Grat. Come lets to horse i'll hunt no more to day.

Enter Lord Julio in his woodmans habit.

Jul. There is no life more safe and free from sin,

Or which doth better keep the antient rites,

Then that which having left the City walls,

Flies to the woods; he that has wed himself,

(If he be guiltlesse) to the hills and vales,

Is happy, but if once a conscious mind

Have seized on him, each tree will prove a Gallows.

How proud am I that I have power to leave

The Princely riots of the Court, while great ones

Drink out of golden cups, with leaden hearts;

I thank thee tyrant *Sfamos*; thou wert pleas'd

To be displeas'd with me and banish me:

Exit Corb.

Exeunt,

knowest

Knowest thou the quiet that I now enjoy
Promoted to't by thee; thou wouldst be angry
That thou wast angry with me and punish me
With a sad repeale of my glad banishment.

Ent. Philag. & Syl.

Phila. good morrow neighbour *Julia.* *Syl.* Good morrow.

Jul. Each minute of the day drop on your heads,
As many blessings as the day hath minutes,
My honest harmlesse neighbours: saw you *Carbo*?

Syl. We saw him lately, but his game proved bad,
And so we left him traversing the woods.

Jul. Pray now walk in with me, where wee'l discourse
Till he comes home: and then wee'l dine together,
I love your honest company, 'tis harmlesse,
As are the lambs you feed.

Phila. We thank you sir.

Exeunt.

Enter Carbo.

(*wishin so ho, ho, so ho, ho.*)

Carb. A man cannot study in quiet for So ho, ho:

It has put a verse or two out of my head:

Let me see, how shall I begin her praise?

Happy am I in *Diana's* love, that ever I bespoke her,

Whose hairs as fine as any bemp, and colour'd like red oker.

Whose hammer head and beetle brows will never me deceive,

If I have any naile to drive, or any block to cleave.

These eye holes if thy eyes were out would serve us well for sawcers;

But thy plump cheeks puffed up do hang like to a pair of dollers,

And from this Limbeck the rare juyce continually that flows,

Lest thou shouldst lose one drop of it, thou hast a bottle nose;

Thy chops do water, I protest, as they were greaz'd with tallow;

Thy scattering teeth enamel'd are with blew, and black, and yellow.

When thou dost talk I do admire thy stumblings and thy trips.

Thou art no great blab of thy tongue, but a little of thy lips.

The Rubies and the Carbuncles on thy face shines most star-like.

But O thy spicie fragrant breath smells like a bed of garlick,

Thy comly breasts to me appear like mole-hills newly raised,

Which for their mountainous extent are highly to be praised.

But — now I'm out: I must go study agen — but, but,

But now I think on't, Poetry will kill no venison:

I must go hunt yet for all this: 'Tis the best way;

For if I now should crack my brain with study,

And then my Matter crack my crown with his staffe,

For

For having more care of *Dowse* than of him:
I should be ready to say a pox of her picture.

Exit Corbo.

Enter Charnia.

Char. I have his promise to perform my will,
That is some comfort: yet I have no more:
Where's all my comfort gone? what blessing is't
For one that has been kept in a dark dungeon
To see the light: when all the light he has
Serves but to bring him to his execution,
To fasten him to the rack, to butcher him:
What is his promise to me? but a word:
And oftentimes the man that speaks the word,
Is as soon vanisht as the word he speaks:
Desires to sin's as bad as half committed:
Being quite committed, my desire would cease,
I know it would, and give repentance room:
Then sorrow, sorrow, and a bleeding heart,
Nothing but speaking sobs, and swimming eyes.

Enter Gratiano, Fulvio, Julietta, and Clarinda.

Grat. My dearest, dearest love, why art thou melancholly?

Char. Alas, my Lord, I know not what it means.

Grat. Your tongue even in denying it confesses

Y'ar sad, exceeding sad.

Clar. What Aunt, take care?

Why that's a physick able to kill a Cat

That has eight lives more then you have.

Ful. What's the reason?

Char. I know no reason more then you do, brother:

Hard hearted, cruel as you are to use me so;

(aside.

But here's a friend.

(points to her breath.

Ful. Be patient — *Ful.* O dear mother, you have made
My nature a disease; and you have chang'd by your example my civility,
To deep dy'd sadness. *Clar.* I, and in grain Ile assure you.

Grat. When you crane up your heavy words with sighs,
And in th' obstructed passage of your throat
Strangle what ere you speak; art thou not sad?
Where be your orisons, your devout prayers
Worthy the lips and hearts of glorious Saints
When they solicited heaven for sinfull earth?
Art thou not sad? where be those sweet dew'd raptures,
Thy daily meditations on heaven,
That merit to be written down with pens

Made

Made of choice quils pluckt from good Angels wings,
 Could these be intermitted, and thou not sad?
 Judge you *Clarinda*, nay, judge you my brother,
 Nay my *Julietta*, thou art her own daughter,
 Thou'lt deal impartially, is she not sad,
 And yet unkind conceals the cause of it
 From my poor heart: you that were wont to be
 As frequent in the assembly as the Saint
 Under whose patronage the Temple stands,
 Now chain your feet at home, you that were wont
 To rouse the Sexton at the early Mattens,
 Waiting in winter frosts, and churlish winds
 At the Temple door, and then returning home
 Sow'd your alms largely, free from expectation
 Of the least harvest: all this layd by,
 And you not sad? come I must know your grief.

Char. But I must feel it first, and then Ile tell you.

Exit Charm.

Grat. Lets after her, perhaps we may at dinner
 Sift something out, that may afford such light
 As may give her content, and me delight.

Exit Grat.

Enter Carolo solus.

Car. Methinks *Julietta* yet should not be false
 She seems so full of innocence and modesty:
 Yet who that does intend to commit sin
 Will not seem virtuous? yet she kist not him,
 'Twas he kist her, and honest *Lurco* he
 Is loth to tell me all he saw him do.

Enter Lurco.

Lur. Pat to my wish — Sir, I would speak with you.

Car. Hast thou discover'd any thing since then?

Lurc. Nothing at all but this, they did not see you:
 For I was speaking even now of a Deer
 That I saw closely lurking in a brake
 Hard by the two cross stiles in *Pales* wood,
 And straight he sent me to entreat you
 To meet him after dinner there to hunt it.

Car. 'Twill be a deer hunting indeed: tel him ile meet him afore dinner:
 But hast thou seen no more then thou hast told me.

Lur. Pray Sir no more of that, good faith I am sorry.
 I brought you to so bad a spectacle,
 Would I had been sick in my bed, or lame when I did it:

I see

I see you'rangry at it. *Car.* No not I, most glad I am to see you so.

Lur. Indeed you are : it grieves me to think on't.

Yet I cannot blame you, I should be angry my selfe

At such a thing. I that have no point of honour

To stand on : you'r an honourable Gentleman.

Yet I cannot say *Julietta* is in fault.

Car. Dost think thee's chaff. *Lur.* I would be charitable.

She might do something when I did not see,

(as the work he did was when you did not see him)

Yet I protest I saw her do no hurt.

And for *Alphonso*, 'twas but in heat of blood,

Perhaps he's sorry now the fit is ore,

And being your Cozen, I know you'l pardon him,

His neernesse to you will make his fault the lesse.

Car. O no, it will aggravate it much, much *Lurco*,

That he should wrong me. *Lur.* What for kissing her.

Car. Oh *I Lurco*, 'tis a great step to venery.

Lur. I cannot think so, methinks it is a very

Harmelesse complement : if't be no more but

a bare kisse : I ha' seen him kisse her above

twenty and twenty times. *Car.* Hast thou so?

Lur. Nay, how greedily you catch me, as if'twere

Such a matter : this 'tis to tell you any thing :

Yet pray Sir do not tell him,

(If you be angry with him) wherefore it is :

I hope you will not bring my name in question

For my good will. *Car.* No on my honour *Lurco*.

Lur. I thank you Sir, my minde is somewhat quieter.

Your servant takes his leave. *Car.* Farewel good *Lurco*. *Ex Lur*

The jealous Ram prepares his curled hornes

Bow'd with the weight of jealousie and rage,

When the Commander of another flock

Follows his Ewes ; then follows his revenge :

Th' officious Cock tends on his jetting Hen,

And will admit no Rival that shall wooe her,

But blood shall be the hire : If birds and beasts

Do thus; why should not I ? I saw him wooe her,

And had I seen what honest *Lurco* saw,

I had not seen this light ; glut my revenge

Mince not like City dames in dirty weather,

On tiptoes through the streets :
 Wade to the Chin in blood, ere want thy will :
 The blood runs in my veins, is all *Italian*,
 It alwayes flames as soon as it takes fire ;
 And being at the highest would flame higher.

Exit.

Enter Fulvio and Lurco.

Ful. Have my men provided all ready for our journey ?
 We must home presently.

Exit Fulvio.

Lur. Now do I hope when *Carolo* shall meet
Alphonso in the wood, hee'l murder him
 At unawares, for he will mistrust nothing,
 He put 'em both together, let 'em get off
 As well as they can. *Alph.* Are you here pandar,
 Slave, that officious lickings of your fingers
 Shan't serve the turn ; I saw you in the garden,
 With the hot Leacher *Carolo* and *Clarinda*.

Enter Alphonso with
his sword drawn.

Lur. I know you did : but who wa'st long on, think you ?
 I was coming to tell you all, but now I won't ;
 Come kill me. *Alph.* I must flatter him, nay *Lurco*,
 I did but jest. *Lur.* I but 'tis ill jesting with edge tooles.
 Put up your sword. *Alph.* 'Tis done. *Lur.* Now swear to me
 You will not draw't till I ha told you all.

Alph. By my honour I wont. *Lur.* And by my honour I swear,
 I care not if I nere tell you any thing,
 And that will be a way to keep your sword warm :
 Draw against him has done you the best service
 As ere was done you ?

Alph. Do you mock me ? *Lur.* Nay, I ha' not told you al
 Remember your oath ; I know you prize you honour ;
 'Tis true Sir, I met *Carolo* and *Clarinda*,
 I would I had not : *Carolo* drew his rapier
 And vow'd my death, if that I would not bring them
 To a private place. *Alph.* What to do ? *Lur.* Nay, I know not.
 Doe I know any mans intention ?

I knew you were i'th garden with *Julietta*.

Alph. Therefore thou brought'st them thither ?

Lur. Y'are 'ith right Sir,
 Why you knew a Chamber had been far more private.

Alph. A hundred times. *Lur.* Yet I perswaded them
 The bower i'th garden was convenient,

And was as pleasant too, as it was secret.

Alph. And they beleev'd it. *Lwr.* Beleev'd it with applause.
The Devil sure ought them a shame, and so he paid them.
I brought them juſt upon you. *Alph.* Ere they ſpied us,

Lwr. And then they both ran back, and *I* eſcap'd,
Carolo ſure thought to ha' made me his pandar,
But heaven that kept me honeſt to this day
Would not let me fall now; *I* think you know
I ha' been an honeſt ſervant to my Lord.

You can't conceive what ſtrangelings *I* had in me
At the thought of being bad, though *I* were for 't to't.

Alph. A very honeſt fellow; *I* ha' much wrong'd him,
What think'ſt thou of *Clarinda*. *Lwr.* She was forc't ſure,
She was frighted with his weapon, *I* beleev'e,
As well as *I*; ſhe durſt not ſpeak one word,
I think you never took me in a lye,

Alph. No, *I* did not truly. *Lwr.* No *I* ha' a lye.
Were *Carolo* my utter enemy, *I* would not tell a lye of him,
Not *I* for all the world: therefore to ſpeak the truth
I did not ſee him offer the leaſt violence to her,
Onely to me, becauſe *I* went unwillingly.

Alph. And had ſhe been unwilling, *I* beleev'e
He would have uſed like violence to her.

Lwr. Pry Sir let her not know it,
And ſince the ill was onely in intention
Forget it, pray ſir doe, let me entreat you:
Carolo is in hope you did not ſee em,
Nay he is confident, neither ſuſpects he
My plot to betray him to you; he has ſe'd me well
To conceal it, yet me thought *I* could keep nothing
From your noble breaſt. *Alph.* Thus *I* reward thee for it.

Lwr. *I* had almoſt forgot my meſſage to you
From *Carolo*. *Alph.* From *Carolo* to me?

Lwr. Yes Sir, *I* ſpied a Deer to day in a brake,
At the croſſe ſtile in *Pales* wood, *I* told him ont
When *I* came home: and ſtraight he did entreat me
To pray you meet him at the chaſe of it.

Alph. Ple thither preſently. *Lwr.* *I* hope this meeting
Will reconcile ye together. *Alph.* Yes no doubt.

Lwr. *I* humbly take my leave. *Alph.* *I* thank thee *Lwr.* *Ex. Lwr.*
I did

I did observe *Clarinda* yesterday.
 When *Carolo* drank to her, she turn'd from me,
 And cry'd here cuz *Julietta*;
 Yet I then did think but slightly on't,
 Which now confirms their base compact together.
 But I lose time, and he I think has fed it
 To let him live longer then he deserves.
 All *Italy* shall ring of my revenge;
 It shall be a chief Master-piece, which ended
 Shall even of my enemies be commended.
 But I must quit the place.

Exit.

Enter Charmia and Fulvio.

Ful. Are these the present looks you promis'd me?

Sie Sister, fie. *Char.* Are these the promises

You made to me, fie brother *Fulvio*, fie.

Ful. Pray wherein is the breach? *Char.* In your delay.

Ful. 'Twas your permission, so it were done,
 Though at the latest minute of your life.

Char. 'Twas that destructive modesty which makes
 Our sex to say what we oft wish unsaid,

And you take hold of it; this is your love,

You hope a sudden death will seize on me

For this my sin, heaven knows I have deserv'd it.

Go read your Letters from Lord *Gaspard*,

And send an answer by the messenger:

You'll find a magazine of complements

Worthy your Lordships view. *Ful.* Be not so bitter.

Char. You'll find more business here with me my Lord,

I am a Letter of more consequence.

Read me, and answer me with expedition,

'Tis upon life and death; d'ee hear me brother?

Ful. I would I did not — Yes, I will answer you

With what convenience I can. *Char.* Swear to me.

Ful. By my honour, even with my loss of honour

I'll save your life. *Char.* Y'have sworn, farewell.

Exit Charm.

Enter Gratiano and Jovio.

Ful. Brother, I'm glad y'ar come; there's a doubt troubles me

That you must needs resolve. *Grat.* Pray then be brief.

Ful. *Jovio*, keep a further distance off,

I must be private with your Lord a while.

Jov. Now am I mad to over-hear their talk;
If they had not forbid me, I should nere ha' car'd:

*He steals nee -
Err and never.*

Ful. There is a Lady truly vertuous,
Truely religious, and truly chaste:
So she was ever held: she now sollicites me
To her embraces, alledging she must perish,
Or with one act distain her marriage bed,
And I the man disguis'd within her breast,
Whom if she enjoy not, she shall lose her self,
Her future vertuous life, her pious deeds
That after she shall do. *Grat.* 'Tis strange.

Jov. If it be true

Grat. But tell me, does no secret lust in you
Urge you to satisfie her strong desire?

Ful. Heaven bear me witnesse, my intents are honest,
If I consent, it is for vertues sake,
To preserve that. *Grat.* The sins but venial,
If it were lust in both, and that your Confessor
Can wipe away, and done to a good end,
T'will much extenuate the crime, methinks,
Go doe't, and let me know the issue on't
Heaven turn all to the best: your coach is ready,
And all your men attend you at the gate,
Will you walk: methinks 'tis a strange passion.
Come sirrah. *Jov.* I nere heard the like in my life.

Exunt.

Enter Carolo and Alphonso.

Car. I care not then if we change sweet-hearts Cuz.

Alph. Agreed, O impudence.
But wheres the Deer?

Car. he dares confirm it too.

Carolo draws his sword out half way.

Alph. 'Tis here.

Alphonso closes with him.

Car. Thou doest anticipate my revenge good Cuz.

Alph. No you deceive your selfe. *Car.* Unhand me villaine:
No? we must try for't then; I shall get off.

*They goe off the Stage grappling together: in the mean time Carolo's
Sword falls out of his scabbard; they enter again panting.*

Alph. Your horse is gone, nor shall your coward heeles
Snatch you from my revenge, thus I will hold thee.

Car. Alas, it needs not, thy own treachery
Has chain'd me to this ground till it be punisht:
Were both *Clarind* and *Julinta* here,
They should not ransom thee, were every tear

An orient pearl : my revenge can't be valu'd
 That I will take of thee ; so, now I'm free.
 My sword, my sword: dishonourable coward,
 Fight with an unarm'd man. *Alph.* No, no. *Carolo*,
 I will not fight but punish : 'tis sufficient
 That the Judge holds a sword, while the offender
 Stands bound before him : No, if heaven had thought
 That your base crime had merited defence,
 It would have had no hand in your disarming,
 But now y'ar stripe, and this same rod must whip you.

Car. My cause and this thy baseness give me strength.

Alphonso makes a thrust at Carolo, he wards it with his dagger, and gets within him, thrusts his dagger betwixt Alphonso's dublet and shirt, he with conceit falls down.

Alph. False jealousy has kild me, and not thou — oh, oh.

Car. He's dead, and where's my conquest ? there's no Law
 Can hang a man upon suspicion :

Yet I ha' kild thee so, and on such grounds,
 I by thy words find that thou soughtst my life ;
 I grieve to see thee dead, and I can say
 This only for my self, I kild thee fairly,
 If any fairness be in murdering.

But I must shift from hence, yet in this wood
 He hide my self, and in some mean disguise
 He cloth my self and misery.

Exit Carolo.

Alph. Oh, oh, ——— a Surgeon help, help me *Clarinda*,
 My breath returns to me in charity

That I might take my leave of thee ; hast, hast,
 I'm wounded past all cure ; come close my eyes :
 The war in which I fel was caus'd by thee,
 Yet spite of wars and quarrels, if thou come
 I shall depart in peace : but that which burnt down *Troy*,
 And would o'rthrow the world without prevention
 Has ruin'd me, a woman : this end o'th clue will lead me
 Through the labyrinth, where am I now ?
 In *Pales* wood I think : what's this ?

His dagger — ha ! my wound's not mortal,
 Would thou hadst kill'd me, Cosen *Carola*.

What shall I do now ? *Carola* sure is fled :
 If I reveal my self I shall stand guilty

As if I had murder'd him ; and then the shame

The

The greater part of every punishment,
 Worle then death it self: no hope of pardon:
 His friends in favour, and my father banisht:
 But say that *Carolo* be known to live,
 Though in some forraign part, and I be fav'd,
 Yet when I shall be question'd on my honour
 (That cannot take, and should not tell a lye)
 How we fell out, what weapons we did fight at,
 And all the circumstances of our combat,
 My shame will set a tincture on my face,
 That will betray my cowardize, and brand me
 With bastardy in honour. In some cave
 Ile hide my self till opportunity
 Permit me to escape. O conscience!
 Though brazen walls should compass me about,
 Their strengrh is no strength to keep horror out. *Exit.*

Act. 3. Scen. 1.

Enter Julio, Carolo, and Corbo.

Jul. [Never had a greater willingness

To receive any man; if that your honesty

Answer my love, I shall not be a stranger,

But a kind father to you.

Corb. And I your Uncle.

Pray, Sir, let me have a little private talk with him.

Jul. Speak your pleasure, Sir. *Corb.* Come nearer to me Nephew:

Can you flea a Deer, and set on pot for dinner,

And turn the spit sometimes, if not Ile teach you,

And greaz the old mans shooes, and sometimes ruine,

But not often Cuz.

Car. Ile do my best endeavour.

Corb. You must do what belongs to th' younger prentice.

I can tell you 'tis not so much trouble, as in the City,

Where you must keep shop til the foreman tends his Mistris

Car. I thank you for your good instructions,

I willingly obey.

Jul. Not so *Laberio*,

Sicrah, he's my fellow, and not yours;

Expect no help from him, but as superiour,

Honour him as my self, and since you pray

I would not question you of your affairs,

Or your life past, since repetition of it,

Would but repeat your griefs, I shall be silent

But this I say, your outside and behaviour

Pronounces you noble and virtuous. *Car.* Sir, I thank you,
Your good opinion of me will incite me
To merit your report. Who are these Father?

Enter Silvio, Philagro, and Douz.

Jul. Good harmless neighbours come to visit me.

Phil. Good morrow neighbour, good morrow. *Jul.* Thank you both
For your kind visit: here's a young Gentleman *{ While they talk, Cor-*
That weary of the cares the world affords *bo and Douze are*
Desires to ease himself by privacy (hearts. *{ sometime dancing,*
Here in our woods. *Phil.* Welcom with all our *{ sometime complemen-*
Jul. Is this your daughter neighbour? *{ ting, and sometimes*
Sil. I marry is't. *Jul.* A very mannerly maid. *{ laughing to one ano-*
Sil. I you would say so if you knew all. *{ ther, &c.*

Jul. Well neighbours you must feast with me to day.

Corbo, go hunt a Deer, make hast agen,

For at admission of each new guest

Some sport 'tis fit we have. *Corb.* Yes Sir I go.

Jul. Come then lets in and talk the time away *{ Beckons Douze,*
Till his return, but where's your daughter now? *{ she scales after.*

Phil. She's gone with *Corbo* now, He lay my life on't,

Sil. This love is such a thing: well let 'em go,
He shall have her for altogether one of these daies.

Jul. I like it very well. *Sil.* But neighbour *Julio,*
We have a little business to dispatch,

Which done, we will return and spend the day

With you and our new neighbour. *Jul.* Take your time,

I shall expect you two hours hence agen.

Phil. We will not fail, farewell to both till then.

Jul. The like to you; come son *Laberio.*

Car. Please you permit me, I would walk a while,
And view the pleasant situation about your cave.

Jul. I leave you to your self.

Exi Jul.

Car. Nor name nor state, nor place of birth reveal'd,
Nor parentage, nor the particular cause
Of my address to this same lawless wood:

Who then can tax me for a murderer?

Yes, I can tax thee *Carolo,* cries conscience:

O what a sting is that; what is a murderer?

A Traytor against nature, that with one dash

Marres a fair image, which the rarest limmer

Can never counterfeit ; alas *Alphonso*,
 I cannot make alive the smallest worm,
 That spins her self into a filken tomb,
 Which after proves the cloathing of our bodies,
 And how much less can I inspire a breath
 Into thy soul : but I did beg my liberty
 To walk, not talk.

Exit.

Enter Corbo and Dowze.

Corb. Thy beauty has wounded me unto the heart,
 And I shall ne'r be well till thou hast cur'd me
 With a plaister of love ; let not brave *Corbo* languish.

Dow. Alas my dear, shew me where is thy wound.

Cor. I, thou hast made a deer of me and shot me :
 O come and make me whole, or I shall dye.

Dow. I will kiss my lips into a consumption to save thy life. *(kiss.)*
 But when will you come home and marry me ?

Cor. O this it is to be a hunter in the woods ;
 And yet 'tis honestest then your two grand City hunters,
 Your Tavern hunters, and your Whore hunters,
 That ne'r leave hunting till they cannot stand :
 Your Tavern hunter's a most notorious thief,
 That when the beggar had nothing left i'th world
 But the brave proverb, he rob'd him of it ;

And whereas forty beggars were joyned in commission
 To expresse a drunkard, now one Gentleman do's it.

Why he will drink his wine by the score, and not pay for it.

Now for your Whore hunter. *Dow.* What beast's your Whore ?

Are they venison ? *Cor.* No they'r too common to be deer ;

Why you may have them for two pence and three pence a peece,

In every garden-house. *Dow.* Then are none in Parks ?

Cor. Yes abundance they say at this time of the year,
 And your Gentlemen keep 'em for their own diet.

Dow. Why are they good meat ? *Cor.* Nay that I cannot tell,
 But they may be good, for they'r costly enough :
 Let me see are there none now in our wood ?

Look look, yonder's one. *Dow.* Why that's a woman.

Cor. 'Tis an arrant Whore. *Dow.* 'Tis very like a Gentlewoman.

Cor. True, for now adays you can't know one from to'ther.

Dow. Nay good sweet heart go hunt, and Ile run home
 To see a ll things be well, and then Ile meet you

Ere your feast's ready at your Masters house.

Cor. Ha wilt thou go ? sweet rogue let me embrace
Thy slender waste, and buss thy sweetest swines face.

Dow. Away, away, you don't deserve to have
A virgin and opportunity together
And know not to do with 'em.

(*Exit running.*)

Cor. Why what an afs was I ? such a fine green grafs plat
As here is, that I would not lay her down on't.
But 'twould a been a mad trick afore all these folks,
I should ha' been shame fac'd, and though
I durst doe something before her, yet Ile do nothing before you.

Alphonso creeps out of a cave.

Exit Corb.

Alph. Stay, stay a while, here's gold, will not that turn thee ?
Then I must follow thee.

Cor. Well, whats the news ?

Alph. Here's gold man. *Cor.* Some pandars fee Ile lay my life on't.
No I scorn your gold.

Exit.

Alph. I must not leave him thus.

Ex. Alphonso.

Enter Julio and Carolo.

Jul. I will not urge you to reveal your self : you have the habit you
desir'd to have.

Car. And I perswade my self a Fryers Gown and Coole affords not
that seicity as this does to my heart ; he that never knew any other life
but what was full of toyl thinks his state blest, till a more happy change
convinces him of errour : Now I finde a country habit and a country
are the best matches, and that life most blest, whose labour is propor-
tion'd with his rest.

Jul. Son I am glad you like our life so well, but I much wonder
Corbo staves so long ; yet now he's with his sweet-heart on my life, he
litt'e thinks on us : Ile to the green, and see if he be there, Ile not stay
long.

Exit Jul.

Car. Ile rest me here till you return agen. When did I sleep ? ne'r
since I first grew jealous. Down, down, tormenting thoughts, I did not
kill him, only *Alphonso* setting fiercely on me with his drawn sword, ran
at me with such violence, that missing me, he ran his heart upon my
Daggers point, and so he kild himself. Now say I goe agen unto the
Court, submit my self to censure of the Law, and pass by way of a *se*
defendendo, shan't I be quit ? my Conscience answers no. Why no ? say
I, Ile give thee a Lawyers fee if thou wilt speak, or if thou'lt hold
thy tongue, Ile double it : But if this plea will not serve, 'tis but
Manslaughter, let the Jury doe their worst. But if the Jury should

forswear themselves (in my opinion) and being steer'd about by the Judges frown give it up wilful Murder; where am I then? gone to the pot, to the pot. But soft no more: O sweet sleep, do not mock me; me-thinks I feel thee steal upon me now: Rob me, and Ile forgive thee; but with this caution, you will restore my stoln senses to me, and let me wake agen.

(sleeps.)

Enter a Wood-nymph and sings to him, waving a silver Rod, o'r his head, and departs: after that enters Corbo, in Alphonso's clothes, with Alphonso's Sword, and Carolo's Dagger naked by his side trying sever. I waies to wear his cloak and hat, conguing to the Post as to a Gentlewoman, kissing her, and offering to lead her in gentle manner.

Cor. Yet all this while my Gentlewoman's but a Post, and a man were as good kiss a Post as some of them. Nay Ile undertake our new May-pole does not smel so much of paint as many of their faces. Well I will enoble the baseness of my stock, as many worshipfull Gentlemen have done before me: let me see I am a Gentleman, there's no doubt on't I am new moulded, how now? *Labris* here asleep? now I see the world is like a pair of scales; here's one turn'd beggar, and I am turn'd Gentleman: I did ever think I was born to great preferment: Well if I do hear through all *Italy* of any great man, Knight, Squire, Lord, or Earl that's of my name, Ile make bold to borrow his Arms, and call him Cosen, worshipful or honourable Cosen: Or 'tis but buying new at *Heralds* office, and a Knighthood at the Court, and I need no more. Well if my old Master will serve me, Ile entertain him before another, because I would be even with him for beating and kicking of me in his hasty humours. Well, if he'd come, I'd send him for the Deer I shot to day, and then I'd go to dinner. Fine cloathes, and mony in my purse; I must to Court; for if I stay long I know I shall be sent for: for Signior *Corbo's* fame will spread abroad.

Enter a Country man making legs as he passes by.

Country. Gid ye goden. Corb. We thank thee, hum, hum, hum. We do receive our dues from you with smiles, a sign we are highly pleas'd.

Country. Why Sir I know you not.

Cor. We would not have thee, or if thou do'st, pass by, thou wilt disparage us with thy acknowledgement: be thou our humble vassal, and depart when I command——so, hum, hum, hum.

Enter Douwze.

Dow. What no body at home, and here's a brave Gallant stays to, speak with 'em.

[She makes curtsies.]
Corb.

Cor. Ha, ha, here's *Dowze*, He take no notice on her. Bless thee our loyal the subject, a good girl: Knowst thou that poor wretch father *Julio*, and where he is?

D.w. Forsooth he's not at home, but he will be at dinner.

Cor. Go seek him, and tell him we would have him wait on us. We do command his service — a good child. *Exit Dowze.*

Shall I marry such a lambs wool, gray-coated, straw-hatted, hobnail'd, hopper-ast wench as this? No, give me a Court Madam. Well, I perceive some Gentlemen are fools as well as I: he has given me gold and silver to swear I found him murdered in the wood, stript him and cast his body into the River. But stay, must I swear I found him dead or kild? Well He swear something, 'tis a fine art for a man to swear himself into good clothes and money in his purse. Well, I beleieve never was canvas flust so full of knavery, as mine is now. Pray heaven that the knaves plague ben't in these clothes, and I dye full of the infection; I'm half afraid; no matter, if I dye, I dye a Gentleman, though born a Beggar, and that is better then be born a Gentleman and dye a Beggar; and yet this last fals oftner out than t'other; and what is't long of? Your upstart parishers of Bawdy-houses, not to say streets, that scarce a Gentleman of *Italy* can turn his nose to th' West but smels a priviledged Whore-house. Wel He go call for songs among the rusticks, a Christmalls Carols. *Carolo wakes.*

Car. Who calls *Carolo*?

Cor. *Carolo*? who calls *Carolo*? I call *Carolo*; he do's not know me.

Car. Thou restless ghost of murdered *Alphonso*. *[kneels.]*

Cor. Now he thinks cause I am so fine, that I am his Godfather.

Car. I do confess. *Cor.* I, I, confess and be hang'd.

Car. I murdered thee. *Cor.* Tell me a lye to my face? he has been hir'd as I am: say, who hir'd you?

Car. None but my self. *Cor.* No? then the more fool you. What are you the better for that? *Car.* Not anything.

Cor. No I warrant you: would I ha' hir'd my self?

Car. Rob me not of that little rest I have.

Cor. Rob him not; now he takes me for a thief: now dare I draw my sword against one that's afraid of me. *[starts at the sight of sc.]*
Loo loo loo loo ——— *[runs prancing at him.]*

Car. O spare me gentle Ghost.

Cor. Gentle ghost! I know by that he takes me for a Gentleman; For most of your Gentlemen are brave spirits.

Rat tat, tat tat tat, I will carbonado thee.

Car. Oh, I know thy sword, it was thy royal fathers, loaden with honour purchased by him: Richer in prizes of true chivalry I never knew the blade, if fame be not too lavish; ne'r was it stain'd till thou didst draw it out 'gainst me unarm'd.

Enter Julio.

Jul. *Laberio* on his knees trembling, and my man *Corbo* in gay clothes abusing him! I heard *Laberio* say, Didst draw it out against me unarm'd: Sure he has kill'd a man; if nobly, I will cheerish him; if otherwise, our wood shall be no cowards Sanctuary: He see him take no wrong at *Corbo's* hand; yet He hear more.

[*Corbo draws the naked Dagger from his girdle and stabs it.*

Car. 'Tis true I had that dagger, but nothing else, or to defend my self, or offend thee: If all things be well weigh'd, heavens judgement on thee for thy cowardly odds did punish thee, not I: that little weapon, what of my self could I have done with it?

Car. Now he praises me I'de not kill him a great deal but a little with this pretty Het-hole maker.

Jul. A royal combatant: nay never start; look man 'tis *Corbo*.

Car. Now beshrew his heart, he has found *Alphonso*, stript him, and buried him, would I knew where.

[*aside.*

Jul. Come y'ar a noble murderer, this the worst action that e'r you did, has honour in't: To fight against such odds, and conquer too, shew'd a true Roman spirit. What was his name you slew.

Car. Pardon me father; if that be still unknown to you, I'm glad, and hope it shall be still.

Jul. Yet by degrees I know I shall hear all: use your discretion, I will not urge you tell, nor break my promise. Sirrah put up your weapon.

Car. I ha' done, I ha' done Sir. Yet I would not put it up but that I fear he'd beat me: H'as spoil'd my sport: I ha' forgot my gentry.

Jul. Come hither Sirrah.

Corb. Pray keep your fatty fingers from my clothes: use me like a Gentleman.

Jul. O by all means; come, Sirrah, tell me where you had these clothes.

Cor. Sirrah? why 'tis not now as when *Andrea* liv'd.

Jul. Will you be bung'd. *Corb.* Cosen *Laberio*, you ha' been a Gentleman, is it fit? me thinks you should not stand by and see a Gentleman abus'd: but I see there's some that wear gay clothes may be beaten by gray coats, witness Signior *Corbo*.

Jul.

Jul. Where had you em? *Car.* I'th wood.

Car. Of whom? *Car.* A man.

Jul. Was he alive or dead? *Corb.* This is a hard question. I know not that, but he was kill'd Ile swear.

Car. Why then he was dead. *Cor.* Nay soft, a friend of mine was kill'd i'th wars they said, and I saw him alive a long time after: Come, come, he that must swear, and lye to boot, had need take heed what he saies. [*aside.*]

Jul. Sirrah proceed, but don't wait for interrogatories.

Cor. When first *Laberio* came to our Cell, you sent me forth to hunt.

Car. Pish, you go backwards.

Cor. Why 'tis the fashion with Gentlemen now adaies to goe backwards in the world, by making Ladies fall back, but I am like those that meaning to leap far run a little back.

Car. Well, now proceed.

Cor. When first *Laberio*.

Jul. Go on where you left, or Ile baste you.

Corb. Came unto our cell, you sent me forth to hunt.

Car. So now proceed.

Cor. Where did I leave? When first, &c. ——— [*a pace over.*]
To hunt, there I left, but some will never leave hunting.

Jul. We shall doe no good at this time; hee'l not tell: Remember this, I will know another time. Sirrah, y' had best go put on your old clothes.

Cor. Um, let me wear these till my monies gone, and then let the Broker and the Devil take 'em.

Car. Why do you joyn the Devil and the Broker together?

Cor. Because they'r never a sunder; nay 'tis true, the Broker while he lives gets the Devil and all, and the Devil keeps the Broker ever after.

Car. Well you are more knave then fool.

Cor. I, so I had rather: the world cheats fools, but knaves can cheat the world.

Jul. Sirrah be gone, fetch home your Deer and dress it with all the speed you can: you know our neighbours will be here straight; else I'de make you tell your tale; but remember slave, forbearance is no quitance.

Exeunt Jul. & Car.

Cor. What an ass am I, why I do want heart to be a Gentleman; I see I must change my habit.

Exit.

A&.

ACT. 4. Scen. 1.

Enter Lord Fulvio, Clarinda, Lufco, and Jovio.

Lur. WHY where should they be ? that honest Gentleman Signior *Alphonso*, I love him with my heart. Please you Sir, Ile take horse, and range about for 'em; alais good Gentlemen, 'twould be the death of me should they miscarry : the thought makes me weep.

Ful. Away you great fool.

Cla. Ne'r since we came thence ?

Jov. Madam, ne'r fear, they'r rid somewhere for pleasure.

Lur. You'l find but little pleasure in such a journey, if all hit right as I ha' plotted it.

Jov. Sfoot Madam, if you have been making husbands so long and lose 'em now, ye make fine work of it.

Ful. But hear you *Lurco* and *Jovio*, when you goe home see you don't tell *Julietta* too hastily of the news, but by degrees, and leade her easily : Doe not you say, they are not here, that you can't hear of them, or that you fear some ill hap has befalln 'em ; 'tis too burthen-some ; the heavy waight layd on at once would press her into dust, she is so gentle natur'd.

Cla. O fear some ill's befalln 'em.

Lur. Indeed so do I, I cannot be quiet.

Enter Alphonso disguised.

Alph. If that the fair *Clarinda* be in place, my business is to her.

Cla. I am *Clarinda*.

Alph. This Letter then is yours.

Cla. I pray whence came it ?

Alph. From the sea coast.

Ful. From the sea coast to her ? a thousand thoughts do war within my breast.

Clar. Unfortunate *Carolo* !

Jov. Ha ! what sayd you Madam !

Ful. From *Carolo* ; nay then they are not lost.

Cla. I fear they are.

Ful. Let's see, let's see good girl.

[*Read.*

Of two so much injured, Ladies, that I should write to you that are the most wrong'd, the chief cause was your strength of spirit, compared with Julietta's weakness —

Ful. Ha !

Cla. Nay smother it not, the Letter's sent to me.

Alph.

Alph. Heaven grant she bear it nobly like her self, or I am double miserable. [aside]

Foolish jealousy has made Alphonso nothing, me worse, he dead, I fled: grieve not for that it is too late to help: proppos Julietta's weakness with your courage; and doubt not but heaven hath reserved you both for worthier husbands: The bearer of my Letter has been long a Soldier, loving and gentle, his discourse fluent, and not trivial, his gesture comely, and if he deliver you this Letter, I dare call him faithful: his wounds speak him valiant, his long exercise experienced in the wars, and for want of encouragement in them, willing he is to serve in peace, if you can entertain him, though not for me, yet for him that lately liv'd and lov'd you, Alphonso ———

False hope is this the comfort that you give? heart, heart! let not me give bad examples and shew a womanish passion.

Alph. Heaven send my project take effect.

Lur. Here's lamentable news, *Carolo* has slain *Alphonso*, and is fled. Well *Carolo* was an honest Gentleman to take my part, he saw how I was wrong'd: But to run away——I would ha' stood to it, though I had been hang'd for it: I should ha' laugh'd to ha' seen him on the rack making wry faces, but 'tis indifferent well being as it is. } aside.

Alph. O that I durst reveal my self! How cheer you Sir?

Ful. Well, well: What looks my poor *Clarinda* for?

Cl. My heart, my heart, I had it since I came hither; 'twas a very merry one; you'll find it laughing when e'r you find it, pray turn up the rushes.

Ful. Why thou hast thy heart girl.

Cl. Then 'tis mightily chang'd.

Ful. Nay sweet don't weep, why thy *Alphonso's* well, *Alphonso's* happy girl, he does not feel the grief and anguish that we all endure. He sits and smiles at misery while thou weepst.

Cl. But he felt misery e'r he tasted bliss.

Ful. I would fain comfort her, but that my tears they are bad comforters.

Alph. I cause all this, but cannot, dare help it: [aside.]
Might I advise you, though but a stranger to you, or your grief: If there be any elf to bear a part in this your wo, hasten your journey to 'em. Griefs that by one or two can't be subdu'd, Are often conquer'd by a multitude.

Cl. A cheerful language.

Ful.

Ful. H' has a goodly p'refence, and mark'd for better fortunes than he bears : brought you this Letter ?

Alph. Yes, and I am sorry I am a messenger of sorrow to you.

Ful. Did you see *Carolo* ?

Alph. Yes, and when I saw him a cloud of cares did sit upon his brow, mingled with smiles, as when the sun doth shine amidst a shewre of rain; he seem'd much troubl'd, yet seem'd to bear it nobly.

Clar. Pray stop there, or I shall pitty him whom I must hate.

Alph. O now I find my jealousy was causeless.

[*aside.*

Ful. Pray Sir a word with you ; if the mean proffer I shall make you be not inferiour to your birth and fortunes, I should intreat you would stay with us, not as a servant but companion to me and my *Clarininda*, and a comforter when she shall be dejected.

Alph. O my heart dances to hear such Musick. O my Lord, you see I'm newly come from sea, and quite unfurnisht of any thing to doe your Lordship service.

Ful. Let not that trouble you ; you shall cast away that homely case.

Clar. This is some comfort, me-thinks his speech is very like *Alphonso's*

Ful. It shall be done — *Joana*, wee'l with you, Better one house be fill'd with wo than two.

Lurca, provide our horses.

Exit.

Enter Charmia alone.

Char. Was my mother alwaies chaste, never once false, nor can the world shew me that peerles woman whose honesty was not shorter then her life : Should I confine my search for such a one to my own tribe, it were to seek a diamond in a handful of clay: the universe of nature can't pattern my Idea with a substance. I begin to think there's not an honest woman : Why may not they be false as well as I ? Sure the best good that's in the best of us, is to be less bad then the common sort, that sin unmaskt. I judge another honest, she thinks me so, yet both of us stark naught : Now what's the reason of this misconstruction ? because we know no more dishonesty but what's our own ; ne'r saw each others sin. We are honest only in the opinion and charity of others, not our own lives. Whither runs my girl ?

Enter Jul.

Julia. I must go ring the bells upon my Lute for joy *Alphonso's* kild, and *Carolo* run away : I must run after him.

Exit.

Char. Forfend it heaven ; blest Angels guard my child, she is distracted : If her words be true, I fear she's irrecoverably lost.

Exit.

Enter

Enter Gratiano, Fulvio, Alphonso, Clarinda and Jovio,

Grat. Heaven has a hand in all : where is your Lady ?

Jov. When we came hither, she went away in haste : I think *Juliet*'s with her.

Grat. Then she knowes it.

Ful. I would She did not : t'will increase her malencholly, and hasten on her death.

Grat. O brother *Fulvio*, I would not lose my love for both the *Indias* conjoyn'd in one : vertue and chastity dwell in her breast.

Ful. Yet now they have chang'd their lodging, i'm afraid — [*Aside.* what ? are all drown'd in teares ? not one swim out ? fie, fie *Clarinda*.

Clar. So, they that are well can readily give counsel to the sick, which were they ill, they would not take themselves. { *Enter Juliet.*
and Charm.

Char. My girle, my girle.

Jul. O Cuz, shall we two wags dance the new galliard afore all these folkes ?

Char. Deer child.

Jul. I have a very light heart of late, I know not how big, or how little 'tis ; but I am lighter with it then I should be without it. Nay, I should be so heavy without my heart, that I should not be able to stir nor move my selfe. Wilt thou be merry ?

Clar. No.

Jul. Then farewell frost, thou art the *Antipodes* unto my humour, and I care not for thee : you are her Counsellor, give her good counsel, and i'll double your fee : but if you advise her against Playes, Masques, and Revels, y'are an Ass, and i'll not give you a farthing : ha' you not don't already, shee's so demure.

Alph. I shall make tryal of the contrary.

Grat. O good *Petrarcha* do.

Char. Speak for your own, she needs his counsel more, if he have any.

Alph. Suppose (dear Mistris) you were in a garden, where all variety of fresh flowers did grow, and onely one was dead ; would you neglect the watering those, and hourly dew the bed where this one withered flower did hang the head : or stick it on your breast for ornament ?

Clar. O no *Petrarcha*, what infer you hence ?

Ful. This was well urg'd.

Jul. There's some hopes of this fellow, he can make her speak.

Alph. Mans but a flower ; *Alpho* so was no more, but one 'mongst many : and hee's dead :

Clar. What then.

Alph. Will you among so many living flowers that do adorn this garden of our earth, dote on a withered one, spend this clear water upon a saplesse stalk, and in your heart give it (I cannot say the chiefest place) but the sole rule?

Ful. My *Carolo* is living, transplanted and growing in another clime. I'de rather smell to a common pinck of our own then wait for a rose from *Spain*, or a *French-de-luce*. You told me once of breaking my heart with heigh hoes, I'faith i'tle warrant you.

Alph. Strange alteration!

Char. Brother you are forgetful of your promise, my husband must go straight to Lord *Fidelio*, and stay there two or three days.

Ful. Blest opertunity! i'tle entertain it.

Grat. Come let's walk in brother, t'will ease our woes to put them off a little with othrs talk.

Ful. I, I, let's laugh away care.

Exeunt.

Enter Fulvio and Charmia.

Char. O brother *Fulvio*, they that dayly walk in Temples 'mong the monuments of the dead, some wrought with gold, others as white as snow; they cannot tell what foulness is within: could you have thought I had been so corrupt, till I laid ope my heart unto your view; I'm leprous, man, within; an hospital of sinful malladies: all that you see is painted, counterfeit; would you ha' thought I could ha' wrong'd my vertuous, noble Lord? and yet heaven knowes I must unwillingly, and yet me thinks there's no necessity: were I not better dye then wrong my husband? pray tell me true, good brother *Fulvio*.

Ful. O Sister I ha' seen a Chrystal spring, from whose sweet streams the neighbouring Shepherds fed their flocks, and dogs, and selves; this has been muddy; think you they would dam up the fountain head for this? no, let it run, and of it selfe t'will in short time work its corruption out, and will run clear agen: do not you grieve; to be bad once in midst of so much good, the world can take no notice on't.

Char. This world can.

Ful. And you may live to satisfie that world and finde it work to sum up your good actions, the least of which shall cover this that's ill. He tell you Sister, y'are not so much friend unto your selfe as I am: I do grant it is a sin in you, a sin in me, but when I think of the necessity, that you cannot subsist, it's be not done I look on my offence, as on a curtesie done to my brother.

Char. I shall loath the act when it is done: I know I shall.

Ful. Come, come, nor honour, husband, nor our cause of sorrow should

should hinder actions that concernes our life.

Char. Heaven and chaste Matrons pardon my offence: none ere had more desire to sin then I, none ere had lesse: I would not what I would.

Ful. Sister, till night farewell.

Char. Why then farewell.

Exeunt severally.

Enter Gratiano and Lurco.

Grat. Leave me, I thought to ha' gone to Lord *Fidelio's* and those Fields a foot, but your report has stayd my journey.

Lur. Your brother will make you beleve any thing if you do'nt take heed: But I will leave your Lordship to your self. *Exit.*

Grat. Could he fetch me ore so cunningly.

Enter Fulvio.

Ful. Not gone yet brother?

Grat. No, I was coming to ask you one question first; pray who'es that Lady that must lye with you?

Ful. For once i'll tell you, 'tis my Sister your Lady.

Grat. You do profane her honour, even in supposing that loose desire could come from her.

Ful. Nay then, know, She is the woman that I must lye with, you he I must Cuckold, it ca'nt be otherwise; I know you'l yeild to it, to save her life: better that I should do it that am your brother, then any other man, I shall keep counsel: I thought good to tell you, for I was loath to do't without your leave: I know thee'l love you deerly for this kindnesse.

Grat. Is it a brother speaks this? are you *Fulvio*? sure i'm mistaken.

Ful. No I am your brother.

Grat. Then I must tell you you have forg'd a tale, which should it be recorded to posterity you would be counted fabulous in recounting, and I a fool in crediting: the false? I rather shall suspect the truth to be so:

Ful. O *Gratiano*, I admire the vertues that shine in *Charmia*, and will defend her honour with my blood: Heaven be my witness what I would do; should be to give her ease, not disease you: Consider I'm your boother, me thinks that name should give me priviledge from the suspicion of disloyalty 'gainst you or her: the least division was never known betwixt us, but we liv'd rather as one, then two that was ali'e, nor were we more admir'd for the similitude of feature, then affection.

Grat. I do yeild you are my picture, but my wife's my selfe: and I must trust the substance, not the shadow: you are most like me, yet are

not the same : and this your tale, though it may sound for truth, to me it is but counterfeit : prepare, Kingdoms and marriage beds admits no peer.

Ful. What mean you ?

Grat. Thus to vindicate her honour whom you have poyson'd through some secret malice crept in your brest ; we must let blood and purge ; the malady is dangerous and will prove the bane of honour.

Ful. I will not fight with you, come kill me ; I will not defend my selfe ; then you may say you had a loyal brother, when you shall see your heavy *Charmia* languish and melt into her grave with tears, and you that should assist, stand and look on and say would I could help thee *Charmia*.

Grat. D'ee jeer me ? coward, bastard to my blood.

Ful. Say I'm a coward that deny to fight with you, I do not care, publish it to the world ; I'de rather be an honourable coward, (for so I shall appear when I am weighed) then a rash combatant : it is meer weaknesse, not valour makes men fight in private quarrels ; he overcomes an injury that can bear it, not he that cries to armes at every word, and challenge the field : sh' injury conquers him : but kill me, do, and when that I am dead, you shall not find a spot of any poyson lurking within my brest.

Grat. I'll make you draw.

Beats him.

Ful. Kill me, and ile endure it : but this basenesse provokes my rage.

He draws, they fight, and Gratiano beats off Fulvio and follows him.

Act. 5. Scen. 1.

Exeunt.

Enter Charmia in her night gown, with a prayer Book and a Taper, boulds the door and sits down.

Char. How long each hour is, where the expectation is not so soon answer'd as we desire, 'tis like a tedious winter without fire ; it freezes up a lover ; but I'm none : If I did truly love, I should not lust : I aske thy pardon Heaven, I know thou hearst me ; Husband, I ask thine too, thou hearst me not ; I must wrong both, yet know not how to help it, unlesse my penitence may expiate my fault committed ; I have no power afore hand to keep it off : if it be so with other women, as tis with me, they'l eat the meat they long for, though death be in the sauce : how have my cheeks, my breasts, my hands been bath'd with springing tears from these poor eyes, since wretched soul I hatch'd this lustful egge of Incest in my brest, and for this act which I do tremble at, if I did think my life would not produce some worthy work to recompence the ill, I'de rather die then do it : but what talk I ? now I am so much in-

tress'd

treas'd in ill, and half way in, the labour is no more, is going through, then turning back agen. When a white garment has got one foul spot, it were all one to us, if it had more, one washing cleanses it, if it have ten lesse cannot do it, if it have but one, my thought of being evil, makes me bad, 'twas a long time before I had that spot, but having it, I stain'd me with the deed too, and one repentance cleanseth thought and act, which ile begin, ere I begin my sin.

She reads, & Exit.

Enter Lurco and Jovio.

Lur. I prithee *Jovio*, watch a little while at the stair foot, and see who goes up and who comes down, and tell me, I shall make thee laugh anon.

Jov. Prithee what's the matter?

Lur. Thou shalt anow anon

Jov. Wilt make me laugh?

Lur. It's don't, it is your fault. 'Twill make me laugh I'm sure, if all hit right.

Jov. Well, i'll go watch.

Exit Jovio.

Lur. Do, do, I long to know what the issue o'nt wil be: how like a fair *Cadossus* I shall stand, when they shall all lye scatter'd on the ground, me thinks it would shew bravely on the stage, I'de have it personated to the life, and I the chief spectator on the Theatre.

Enter Jovio.

Jov. *Lurco*, *Lurco*.

Lur. Who hast thou seen?

Jov. Yonders the chamber maid, goe up stairs, and the Monkey has broke his chain, and is run after her as fast as he can drive.

Lur. Hell take you and your Monkeyes.

Jov. How now *Lurco*, have I this for my labour? goe and wait your self.

Lur. Nay, prithee be not angry, if thou seest any man go that way tell me.

Jov. Well, i'll go gape about me once more for you.

Exit

Lur. Nothing now troubles me, but that I fear I shall have too much sport for my money, no matter; I have so good a stomach to the meat that I can take no surfeit by revenge; let me be full of blood, that when I die the world may say I had a plurisie.

Enter Jovio.

Jov. May a Boy passe for a Man?

Lur. Did'st see a Boy? some Page, or Messenger, I smell the plot out.

Jov. The Scullian boy is gone up with a basket of coales.

Lur. I hunt for no such base game: goe agen:

Exit Jov.

'Twont come off handsomly yet: I here's my sport.

Ent. Grat. in

Grat. Haste and vexation me in a sweat

Ful. clothes.

I am

I am e'n breathless.

Lurco fetches in Jovio

Lur. Who's that *Jovio*?

Jov. It's my Lord *Fulvio*.

Lur. Keep close a little.

Grat. If she prove false she dies, as for my brother I ha' made sure work with him — This Key and Lanthorn brings me through the vault, the private way unto the bed-Chamber. I must make haste, each minute of my time's as precious as that wherein the Malefactor's sav'd whom death had e'n devour'd: my head is cram'd with jealousies and fears.

Exit Gratiano

Jov. Is that the way?

Lur. Would you have thought it *Jovio*? say where's my Lord? He be be no bawd not I.

Jov. Nor I, why no body could give him the Key but shee her selfe.

Lur. True: is my Lord i'th house?

Jov. Why you know hee's gone to Lord *Fidelio*.

Lur. Get me a horse *Jovio*, dark as it is, Ile thither presently.

Lur. I prithee do.

Exit Jovio.

Lur. I thought what it would come to: I told him so, a few fair words would make him beleieve any thing; I should ha' scrud him up a little higher, but if I now can bring him in the nick to catch 'em both, I shall be had in credit, in monstrous, monstrous Credit.

Exit.

Enter Gratiano and Charmia.

Grat. Come Sister, what? you blush, as when *Aurora* leaves her old *Titan* bed; unscree that brow within whose every wrinkle there does lurke an age of sorrow; look not discontented when y'are most pleas'd: how now? nothing but weep? this is not summer weather: Come how like you a quick *Italian* in your bed? how like you my blood within you; i't not sprightly blood, active and full of fire? I know my Brother has dul'd the edg of his? it does not please you.

Cha. O Brother!

Grat. Nay, nay, if you begin so once, you'll spoyle the sport on't; I must ha' you talk merrily, and a little bawdy too; fie, hide your face, and none but you and I there, wee'l to bed agen.

Char. Fie fie, I grant I have been loosely wicked, bad, very bad; it does not follow therefore, I should continue so: and for this act, I now doe wish as much it were undone as I did wish to have it done before. Why, I finde no addition of pleasure in your blood; more then is in *Gratiano's*. Would I had never wrong'd him; I was before worth something

Something, nothing now. Like a choice garment that I as got a stain which spoyle the sale of it.

Grat. Why d'ee say so, y'are not a jot the worse for wearing: faith it'll come agen at night.

Char No, see you do'nt: for trust me you'll not find that *Charmia* here, you found last night: she will be honest then, though now she's but — O conscience, conscience! if this be satisfaction of lust; let me dye twice, ere I desire that once, if once the world knew this, I shall become the Poets' and Historians blotting paper to dash their pens on, when they are too full: thus then I beg of you, you will not publish my shame unto the world; what can you say, Indeed you cannot say that you have conquer'd when I did beg to yeild my selfe unto you: only my long desire of innovation, has made me old in sinne, and full of shame: this only benefit I finde in change, to hate the thought of change for ever: go to your chamber and pray; farewell. *Ex. Char.*

Grat. Farewel, so pensive! I ha' been too rash, I fear: yet once more will I try: if she consent, she dies; and yet there is no honour lost in man and wives going to bed together. 'Tis more then she knows, or then she desires, if she consent agen, 'tis good to try before we trust: if when agen I come, her lust prevails, this hand her blood shall spill, they're worse then bad who'ar good against their will.

Exit Gratiano.

Enter Clarinda, and Alphonso following of her.

Alph. Are you not angry that I follow you?

Clar. No, I am best when in your company, for then I think on my dear; dear *Alphonso*.

Alph. Thou breakst my heart, and yet I dare not tell thee so.

Enter Charmia and Julietta.

Juliet. Pray Mother, why are you so sad adays? *Carolo* was my sweet heart, and not yours, and yet am I as merry as a cricket;

Char. Alas poor girle; thou hast small cause to be merry considering how *Carolo* did love thee.

Juliet. Yes faith, he lov'd me well that would run away from me for fear of a dead man: Cozen *Clarinda* how dost thou do?

Cla. Well.

Julietta. Faith a pretty humour, thou Epitome of the abridgement of a short Catechisme that answerst every question with a Monosyllable. But dost thou heare; my most Laconicke brevitie, thou art very much beholding to *Alphonso*,
 hee's

he's dead : Well, I beleeve he dy'd of purpose to save a labour of coming oft to see you : He warrant now you shan't see him till doomes day, and then will he look very strangely on thee, as if he did not know thee: Wilt thou love him ?

Clar. I.

Jul. Why, thou fool ? I do, and go after him.

Char. Sweet girl, don't speak so much, 'twill do thee hurt.

Juliet. Who speaks the first word for an even wager.

Cha. Come on girl, He lay ten crowns you speak the first.

Enter Gratiano and Jovio.

Grat. How does my girl ? *Juliet.* Mum.

Grat. New alterations, not one word now ? O my most virtuous Sister, a word with you in private : how do you now ?

Char. O never worse.

Grat. I see you are not pleas'd yet, He come again at night.

Char. Y' have come too much, would I were poor, poor as the homely Milk-maid, so I were chaste, and had not known a change. How fond was I to satisfie my lust, which being sat'ed loaths me. Pray don't come, I know you mean it not what e'r you say ; I know you speak on't but to draw fresh tears from me, that I was such a fool ! If you be victor, all you can say's this, y' have taken a weak passion'd woman captive more by her imbecillity then your strength.

Grat. Well Sister, I am sorry I have gone further then my commission by you granted ; I wish I had not gone according to it in any thing; but here, here lurks a sin, that like the Fox the Spartan boy had stoln, being hid reveales it self, by eating to my very heart and entrails. O my Incest ! it was to please you that I did commit it, I never tempted you.

Char. I must confess it ; and this is it that aggravates my crime, that I could not be wicked but with company ; your sin does more afflict me then mine own.

Grat. I cast her down too much ere further tryal : This publique sorrow will besits a sin so closely acted : Leave, weep in your chamber : nay weep when you'r a bed, 'twas there you sinn'd, not in this place.

Grat. He take your counsel, Brother : Who's this ? *Enter Corb:*

Grat. O, a fellow come to invite us to the sports in *Pales* wood.

Alph. I must slip hence for fear this fellow know me. *Ex. Alph.*

Grat. Sister, till by and by farewell. *Exit Grat.*

Corb.

THE TWINS.

41

Corb. *All Lords and Knights, and gallant wights, since you are met
upon your horses prancing:
You Ladies gay, this present day I hope you will be
vouchsafe to see our dancing.
In Pales wood 'twill do you good
to see our deck'd Palaces;
Our best clo'es on, and decks upon
with Ribonds and Bridelaces.
And all our youth, to speak the truth
will bravely trip and cut it.
My sweet-heart Dowze, that pretty blouz,
she will most nimbly foot it.
If pleas'd you be our sports to see,
your welcome shall be double:
And this is all that say I shall,
for fear I should you trouble.*

Char. Stay honest friend, there's something for thy pains, and thank thy Masters for their yearly loves, we shall be glad to see your harmless sports.

Corb. *If you have done, I home must run
in all hast to my Master,
Else when I come, he'll kick my bumb
for coming home no faster.*

Exit Corbo.

Char. Let's in, though I'm not well I would not miss these honest sports.

Juliet. Nor I for ten Crowns Mother.

Cha. I confess I ha' lost.

Exit Char.

Jov. O Madam, what would you give for *Carulo* again?

Juliet. He's not worthy a rush to run away from me; he thought be-like I'd follow him; no I scorn it. Come sirrah follow me. *Exit.*

Enter Charmin as in her chamber.

Char. Here let me freely mourn for my offence, and if I thought that I might expiate my fault with tears, and that I should live ever, I'd ever weep. My too much injur'd Lord, how shall I look on him when he comes home? I would give millions for an honest face, but I'm all Strumpet; how now?

Enter Gratiano.

Grat. What alwaies weeping? I am come to comfort you.

Char. If so y'ar welcome; you need not then have stoln this private way: this is an honest work, and not an Incest.

Grat. Come, come, you harp too much upon that string, I'm come to pleasure you again.

G

Char.

Char. Is this comfort? go to your chamber, brother, and repent what you have done, and do not sin afresh.

Grat. Sister, I vow again I must enjoy you.

Char. By heaven you shan't while I'm alive: 'tis the least sinne o'th two.

[*Draws her knife.*]

Grat. Hold dearest *Charmia*; see I am *Gratiano*.

Char. You *Gratiano*?

Grat. I am by heaven.

Cha. A perjur'd man in swearing so; if you be he, Ile give you a good reason why you should never lye with me agen: I have abus'd thy bed with thy own brother: Nay, what may make you loath me ten times more, I was the tempter, I solicited, and vow'd my death in case he did deny: If you be *Gratiano* you will kill me, and will not let such an incestuous strumpet be partner in your state: Honour won't let you: I know by this you are not *Gratiano*: Where's all your rage? this calmness of your spirit fits not an injur'd husband: Were you he, you would not let me live to beg for death but with a wing'd revenge would cut me off.

Grat. You are too quick, death is the end of torment; Ile have a torture of continuance to punish Incest; to which death compar'd shall seem a curtesie and not a torment; death shall but be an Epilogue to the Tragedy Ile act in you.

Cha. O now me thinks you are my much wrong'd Lord, you look and speak like him like on that had been wrong'd beyond sufferance: Deal with me as you please.

Grat. My lustfull Brother durst boldly tell me, he would lye with you and do me a curtesie, but in conclusion, rage and revenge set a new point and edge upon my Rapier, and I kild the Monk.

Char. And for my sin my brother *Fulvio's* slain, would I had perisht when I thought of it, he had liv'd good, I dy'd less full of sin.

Grat. Nay more, to aggravate your misery, my Brother never lay with you, 'twas I (when I had stript him, put on his clothes) that lay with you.

Cha. Then I am free, my Lord from wronging you, unless it were in intention: And say a man intend to kill another, and miss his aim, can the Law hang that man?

Grat. Your argument is built upon the air; for say you should intend to kill this man, and missing of your aim murder another, yet think you have hit right, this merits death no less than so other would. This is your case, you thought you had ly'n with my Brother *Fulvio*, but lay with

me contrary to your will ; thus you are incestuous with your own husband.

Cha. I see my sin more fully now than ever. *Enter Julietta:*

Juliet. Where are you mother ? here's a Letter for you : Uncle, how doe you ?

Char. Prithee girl be gone, leave me a little while — 'Tis my Lords hand ; 'tis sent from my Lord *Fid. li's* : Is this well Brother ? When with the Lyons skin you can't prevail, you put the Foxes on to cosen me : and you are *Gratiano* in *Fulvio's* clothes, I wish you were.

Grat. Indeed I am the same ; this Letter was forg'd by me, it was my plot ; but he, alas is dead : yet after all, if now you'll be obedient and yeeld to me, Ile pardon you.

Char. Ile not beleieve a syllable : fine tricks ! are you my husband for all this : How cunningly you'd satisfie your lust on me, for all this evident proof I have that you are *Fulvio*, and that my Lord is now at Lord *Fid. li's*.

Grat. Think you so still : be confident Ile not solicite you to lye with you again, unless you'll yeeld I am your husband : if you'll see the sports Ile go with you, and if you'll call me brother Ile answer to't.

Char. Ile never call you otherwise. *Exeunt.*

A Curtain drawn, and Carolo discovered asleep in a chair.

Enter Julio with a sword.

Jul. A sleep ? 'tis strange ! I never knew him rest since he came to me till now : I must be speedy ; there's something bids me kill *Laberio*, because he is a murderer.

Car. 'Tis true I kill'd *Alphonso*. [*Car. talks in his sleep.*]

Jul. What *Alphonso* was't ?

Car. My Uncle *Celio's* son.

Jul. Ha ! what do I hear ? 'Tis he : nay then thou *Julio draws the dyest* : doe my eyes dazel ? up, up agen ; thou never shalt be stain'd by my hand in a cowardly action : Ye Gods be ye the avengers of my cause : Howe'r I live, whither soe'r I fly, we cannot ever lock out misery, *Exit Julio and Carolo awakes.*

Car. Sure I ha' been asleep, thanks gracious heaven for this harmonious influence of rest : The sports begun, I hear the merry Swaines are dancing round, and skipping on the plains :

But I shall have to aggravate my smart,

(My nimble feet clog'd with a leaden.

Ex. Car.

Enter Lurco.

Lur. He's not at Lord *Fidelio's*, they saw him not, and home he is not come; he's kild *I* hope. [*Enter Alph.*]

Signior *Petrarcha*, is my Lord among you.

Alph. Why no, you know he's gone to Lord *Fideli's*.

Lur. So, so, 'tis as *I* say: but Signior, Signior, me-thinks you'r very gracious with *Clarinda*: cannot you not catch her up and marry her, you would deserve her better then *Alphonso*, he was the veryest slave as ever liv'd.

Alph. O villain.

Lur. For lust a stew for maladies an Hospital, he'd ne'r speak truth, nor would he tell a lye.

Alph. How?

Lur. Not without an path to back it with; and *I* may tell you, for *I* think you love me, had he not leik the world so as he did, *I* would ha sent him backing.

Alph. Would you so?

Lur. *I* by this hand.

Alph. A villain unparallel'd!

Lur. Come, come, stick close to her, and *le* assist you.

Alph. *I* thank you, *I* must go tend upon *Clarinda*. *Exit Alph.*

Lur. Farewel——fools face. *Enter Gratiano.*

My Lord, you could never have had such an opportunity in your life again; in troth *I* m very glad on't; you spoke with him before he went?

Grat. I, I. *Lur.* *I* knew you could make him beleeve any thing;

he could not ha' been away in a better time. though you had hir'd his absence: all this pastime, and every thing so pleasant: y'ar a happy man.

Grat. And you a villain. [*aside.*]

They want you yonder *Lurco* to dance among them.

Lur. O *I* m going to 'em.

Exit.

Enter Julio, Charmia, Julietta, Clarinda, and Alphonso.

Julio. The sports are coming this way, way rest here.

Cha. We thank you father. *Exit Julio.* *A dance, which ended,*

Julio enters with his sword and gives one to Carolo.

Jul. This was the dance we did invite you to, to see me be reveng'd on a young murderer.

Car. Will you betray me Father? *Jul.* Yes thou viper.

Car. Then since 'tis determin'd *I* must fight, know if *I* dye, that *I* will dye conceal'd: you shall not know his name *I* kill'd, nor mine.

Cha. 'Tis very strange! pray Sir explain the cause of this.

Jul.

Jul. That he has been a murderer, you have his own confession, but whom he slew, that I must tell you.

Car. Ha!

Jul. Do'st start you? Know that thy very sleep's a Traytor to thee: old as I am, the cause will give me strength to whip thee down to hell: your punishment was but deferr'd, not pardon'd: This is *Carolo* the murderer of *Alphonso*.

Car. O hell.

Omn.s. *Carol!*

Lur. Ha, ha, ha, ha, I did not look for this.

Juliet. My dearest love!

Car. Can I deserve this title from the whom I have wrong'd so? No.
Juliet He freely yeeld my breast unto that stroak which will be both a punishment of my fact, and a blessing ending all my misery.

Juliet. It comes through me when e'r it comes.

Julio. Remove her.

Grat. Pray stay.

Jul. I claim the priviledge of the woods, which *Millain* Duke cannot deprive us of. I challenge him to combat.

Lur. While they fight He scape away.

Car. Seize on that monster of men; if I must fall I will not fall alone.

Char. What? *Lurco*? he has been alwaies an honest fellow.

Grat. Say no more, Madam, it is hard to prove. What mean you, sirs? what will he stick to say whose life is desperate.

Lur. Pray what Countrie's this where grandest Malefactors may be Judges. Unhand me, he's no competent accuser to accuse a man.

Alph. He justifie what he has said: hold him fast.

Lur. Will you *Pizzarcha*? I never gave you cause.

Alph. Now what's *Alphonso*? the veryest monster that the world e'r knew.

Lur. Toad, toad, I can spit poyson as well as thou: Attach Lord *Fulvio*, and the Lady *Charmia*.

Char. Your tongue has wrought our overthrow.

Grat. Be patient, run not into outrageous terms 'tis bootless.

Lur. They have committed Incest; and to compass it *Fulvio* kill'd his brother *Gratiano*.

Julio. O horrid, horrid act: more misery!

Juliet. Hoy day, hoy day.

Clara. Eternal stain unto our family.

Lur.

Lur. Know now by my means *Alphonso* was slain, by my means *Cesario* was made the instrument, and I doe hope to see you perish for't. Mark me, to see you, while I stand by and laugh: By my means, Madam *Charmia* was bewitcht with that unheard of passion of Lust, and by my means Lord *Fulvio* was train'd to the presence of enraged *Gratiano*; so by means did *Gratiano* fall, and by my means you both must suffer death at your return to *Milan*: must you not? and by my means *Julietta* and *Clarinda* are both unwoman'd, made two wretched creatures: This has no sense, and that no understanding; all this by me; and this I glory in, and one thing more that you shall never know: there's onely one thing grieves me.

Julio. What is that Monster?

Lur. That I can live to doe no more nor worse.

Julio. O horrid villain! who was your abettors?

Lur. You shall never know.

Julio. Tortures shall force you tell.

Lur. You lye gray coat, you lye, *Enter Fulvio.*
 Haunted with spirits, get thee to hell agen, I'm coming to thee, with three or four of your friends.

Ful. What ailes he?

Grat. There stands the author of all the misery that e'r befell our families.

Ful. Happiness is hard to find, that which we have let's pale it in within this three twine ring.

Char. You must exclude me first, my much wrong'd Lord, whose arms I oft have lept with joy (but now must keep this distance or a further) I ha' wrong'd thee too much: this is the comfort I must present you with at your return from Lord *Fidelio's*; I ha' wrong'd your bed with your own brother.

Ful. No, take comfort, sister, you ne'r injur'd me, nor are you false unto your husbands bed, for evermore enjoy what you desir'd, an unstain'd honour.

Grat. Sav'd by a faithful brother.

Cha. You amaze me; but since both say so, I with joy beleeve ye.

Grat. Suppress all wonder, know my *Charmia*, thy chastity's unblemish't yet for fact; you yet ne'r lay with any man but me; and for desire and lust I pardon it, it is the general disease of *Italy* not thine: I was enraged against my brother, when he first told me it, made him draw his sword, ran at him with intent to murder him, but by my earnestness I did receive a harmless soyl; for being then disarm'd, and at his

his mercy to whom I intended none, he told me the loyalty of his intents, the event whereof I shall with joy remember. *{ They whisper, and Come then within this happy ring with me. }* *{ points to Car. & Jul.*

Lur. O shallow fruitless villain; whip me good fiends that have no better learnt my lesson: hell on my slender brains: *Charmia* still chaste, a *Grasiano* living, and all friends too, 'tis to me a plague insufferable.

Ful. You cannot bar him of his privilege, 'tis fair means must prevail if any thing.

Julio. Prepare thee *Carolo*.

Ful. Pray hear me speak.

Jul. Or hold your peace, or get you from our liberties, Are you prepar'd?

Alph. Yet tell me, good old Father, what interest e'r had you in *Alphonso* to hazard life for him?

Julio. My hate of Murderers arms me.

Alph. Then lie draw my sword since he must fight, pray let him fight with me, and let me plead this injur'd Ladies wrongs.

Cla. You shall not fight, if you do lie fight too.

Alph. O Sir, look, look on the much wrong'd *Clarinda*, her light mirth turn'd to deep dy'd melancholy, and this by you.

Car. Pray let me e'r I dye obtain your pardon.

Cla. I.

Car. I thank you for't.

Alph. My joy won't let me lye hid any longer: I am resolv'd: know *Carolo* I am no peasant that challenge thee, but thy dear friend *Alphonso*.

Omnis: *Alphonso!*

Julio. Ha! *Alphonso* live!

Alph. He does.

Car. My Cosen.

Lur. Has hell forsook me too: will nothing cotten?

Jul. Lord *Grasiano* and *Fulvio*, you have Rhetorick, kneel with me to *Carolo*: Thou hadst been kild when thou wast last asleep, but that my sword that ne'r was basely stain'd was honourably merciful, and sav'd thee; then in that sleep thou toldst me all that story: But now I had no ill intent against thee, all my aim was that I might from thy hand receive my death, and follow poor *Alphonso*: here should have been my ward, when you had struck: but which, which is *Alphonso*?

Alph. I am Father.

Jul. Thou speakest more truly then thou art aware; does none here know

know me? I am Lord *Celio*, banisht ten years ago.

Alph: My Father!

Car: Uncle!

Grat: My Cosen *Celio*! unexpected joy, when dead are rais'd, and banisht are repeal'd.

Lur: O torture, torture, hold I will confess what e'er I did: *Frederico* had a hand in't.

Omnis: *Frederico*?

Lur: Yes:—I know you'll kill me now.

Jul: Lets cosen the Politian once more; if all agree with me lets pardon him, and conquer hate with love since all proves well.

Omnis: We all submit to you.

Julis: Your life's your own.

Lur: Can it be so: O unexpected mercy! my heart weeps for my sins, and here I swear never to practice ought but what is good towards your Families.

Cha: Come then, let's in: now I shall ne'r start more, She's honest that did think she was a Whore.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.